



MISSOURI Showme



DECEMBER • 1949 •

25c

Christmas Issue

FRASCO

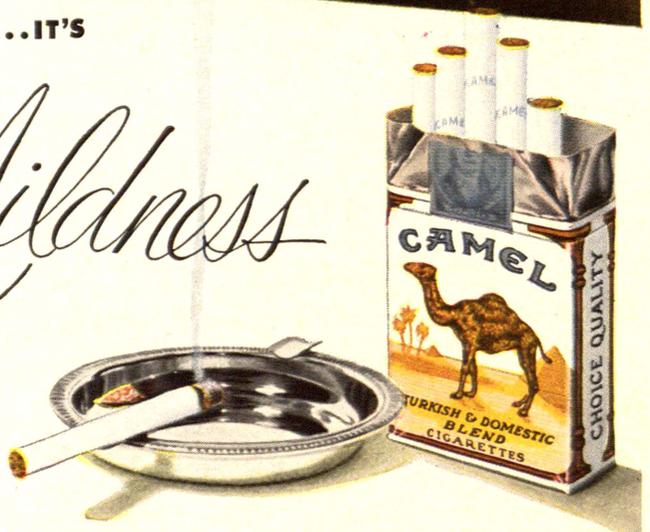


*My
cigarette?
Camels,
of course!*

WITH SMOKERS WHO KNOW...IT'S

Camels for Mildness

Yes, Camels are SO MILD that in a coast-to-coast test of hundreds of men and women who smoked Camels – and *only* Camels – for 30 consecutive days, noted throat specialists, making weekly examinations, reported

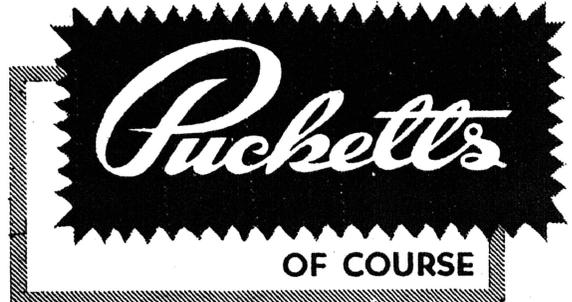


NOT ONE SINGLE CASE OF THROAT IRRITATION DUE TO SMOKING CAMELS!



Puckett's take great pleasure in extending to all their customers, THE GREETINGS OF THE SEASON with the New Years resolution to continue to serve you with increased efficiency during the new year.

SUIT yourself at





We go together



new
PARKER
"21"

Finest at a medium price!

new
AERO-METRIC
Parker
"51"

Finest at any price!

**The
PEN
POINT**

109 S. NINTH



Dear Editor:

At the Read Hall Policy Board meeting, it was voted that permission be granted for you to continue use of 304 Read Hall until the close of the current semester.

At that time, however, *Showme* will be asked to find a new location. This will be made necessary by the need of the Carousel Board for the office space.

Thelma Mills, Chairman
Read Hall Policy Board

Dear Editor:

I'm a 'Suzie' wishing that I had the chance to publish a magazine about what we think of Missouri men (?)

I really think it would be better than the "Stephens Issue" of *Showme*.

Also, here is a little joke that I think is very cute: "Did you hear about the poor bulldog who didn't know whether to go into the rest-room marked "pointers" or "setters?"

Sally W.
Box 2114
Stephens College

After reading that joke, we have our doubts.—Ed.

Dear Editor:

Whenever I start getting the intellectual feeling put out in this town, it builds up to the point where by late afternoon I have a headache. After sleeping it off and eating supper, I seldom feel like studying.

This all started in mid-September and kept getting worse. I was just wondering "what's the use of it all" when you came out with the "Stephens Issue." Congratulations!

Bob Stadelhofer
621 Rollins Road
Columbia, Mo.



That's what I'm going to get my girl for Christmas.

Dear Editor:

Ah sho' do want a *Showme* this year. Ah just couldn't live without it. Hope the enclosed check is sufficient, ya' all.

Mary Schanck
Box 314, Carothers Dorm
Austin, Texas

Dear Editor:

Couldn't you possibly keep a *Showme* open until 1:30 p. m. in Jesse Hall on your sales day?

We medical students have classes solid without breaks, and by the time we get over to Jesse during our lunch hour, the *Showme* booth is closed.

We also have classes from 1:30-4:30 p. m. and can't make it over to Read Hall during your office hours.

Consequently, we never did get the October issue. If you don't make it a little easier for us to get *Showme*, we'll demand our subscription money back!

Disenchanted Readers

Perhaps you had better stop in for a refund on your subscriptions. We'll return the full amount, and you can buy single copies on the newsstands during your lunch hour. Sorry, but that's the best we can do.—Ed.

Dear Editor:

Re *Showme*, November, 1949, "Stephens Issue". . . .

P. U.
Dale Rosenberg
Defoe Hall
Univ. of Missouri

Betcha your mother was a Stephens girl.—Ed.

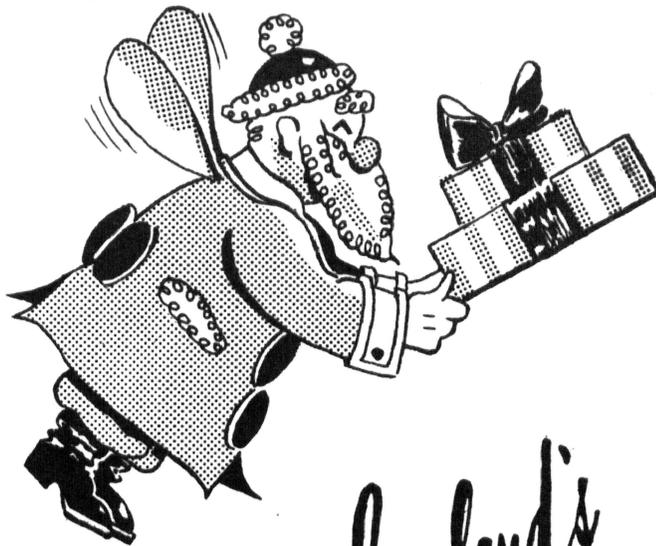
Dear Editor:

This is the second year I have subscribed to *Showme* since I left Stephens. Your magazine gets better and better. Keep up the good work and you will have a life-long subscriber.

It is a shame that more universities aren't as intelligent as Missouri.

Betty Shields
2421 Arbor
Houston 4, Texas

It's a shame more subscribers aren't as intelligent as you, Betty. Bless you, my child.—Ed.



Garland's

the STORE with YOU in MIND
20 S. Ninth St.

Merry Christmas



Campus Florist

708 CONLEY

Night News

FROM PLAZA LIQUORS



Plaza
EAST OF THE CORONADO HIGHWAY 40



WE WERE pretty worried. When we began work on this issue, we found we weren't in any kind of a Christmas mood. As a matter of fact, we still had our Homecoming hang-over.

Then it happened! Swami wandered in the office and (Scout's honor) offered us a cigarette. Imagine it! For the first time in the history of *Show-me*, a staff member offered a free cigarette.

After a slow recovery and a quick grab for the cigarette, we realized that something was amiss. Then it dawned on us. The old fellow, who was a vile, unscrupulous creature during most of the year, had the *Christmas Spirit!*

And, by golly, it was contagious. We suddenly found a warm glow in our own jaded heart. We reminded ourself to get a pack of cigarettes one of these days and went right to work on this issue.

Incidentally, we *did* get this issue together with the same old staff. The 'walkout' you all heard so much about was just the evil scheme of an over-imaginative publicity director and a fiendish leg-man on the advertising staff. Now we'll be able to look back on it all, ten years hence, and say: "There's where we started work on our first ulcer."

We'd like to apologize to all the Suzies for making it so tough to get the last issue. We had planned to sell at Central Dairy, but before we knew it, all 5,000 copies had been sold at the University. Our intentions were good, but we just ran out of magazines.

Next month, while everyone worries over finals, we'll try to cheer you up with the 'Bitter Issue' and, perhaps, an added surprise.

Showmeingly yours,



MISSOURI

SHOWME

YOUR CAMPUS HUMOR MAGAZINE

Christmas
Issue

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COVER BY FLASH FAIRFIELD



MEMBER

Volume 27 December, 1949 Number 4

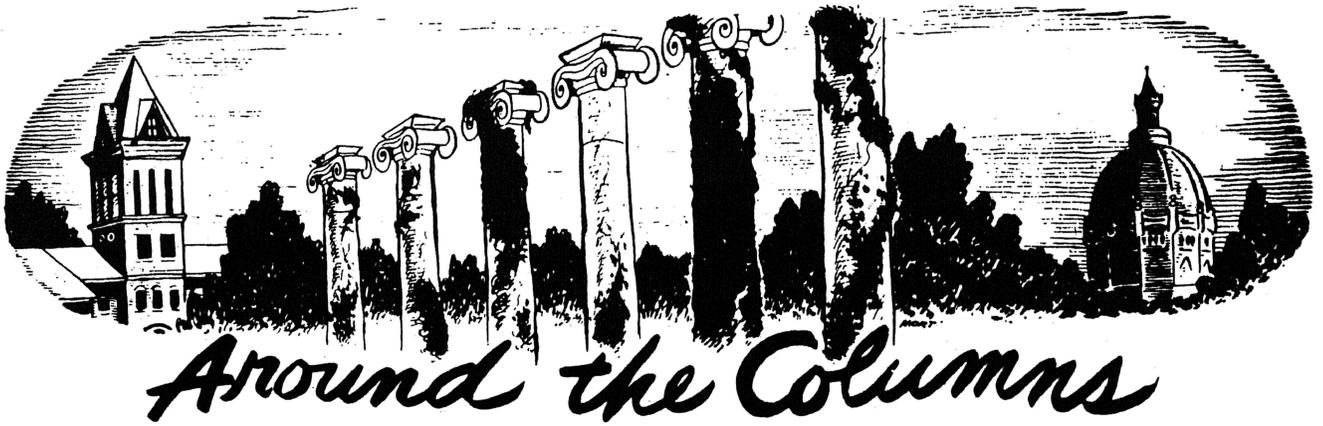
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MEMBER



*MY, St. Nick, your cheeks are rosy,
Your nose, red as a cherry;
Is it the winter air, St. Nick,
Or well-spiked Tom and Jerry?*



Around the Columns

Overheard

Two guys met on the steps of J-school one bleak and cold 7:30.

"How ya feelin'?" asked one.

The other shrugged his shoulders and sighed, "M minus."

December

The month of tinsel and cheer . . . and that long holiday. . . . A month wrapped in red and green . . . and sometimes white . . . bright ribbon and bells . . . egg nog a la favorite brand . . . hot Tom and Jerrv in a thick mug. . . . Christmas seals and the Salvation Army Band on the corner. . . . A Santa Claus for every block . . . his beard hanging loosely over a fat bellied pot . . . a Santa Claus for every home . . . his jaw hanging loosely over a dwindling bank account . . . kaleidoscope displays in department store windows . . . ever-green prisms at the living room window . . . red ribbon and white tissue paper . . . carolers from the church around the corner. . . . *Silent Night* . . . *It Came Upon A Midnight Clear* . . . and a quick dash of *White Christmas* . . . masses of people fighting masses of people . . . rush and wait. . . . Christmas smiles on weary faces . . . December . . . Christmas . . . isn't it wonderful? . . . but isn't it nice when it's over?

Driving One Mad

Perhaps the most eloquent and yet simple commentary concerning the state of fear that the Columbia police have instilled in the hearts of Missouri students was overheard coming from a bed in an un-named fraternity house late one night.

As one of the brothers rolled, tossed, and turned in the throes of a violent dream, he suddenly emitted an anguished, soul rendering cry: "Watch out for the stop sign!"

That Green Stuff

Some unknown person has declared that the veterans will have to pay back in taxes what they got.

We have no idea what effect this is supposed to have on veterans, but we haven't noticed any brooding or cultivating of grey hair. In fact, the only real scare seems to be that they will have to pay back what they haven't got.

The cost of veterans, acknowledged as terrifying, is, since 1946, \$34,617,000,000. Gad, Rankin, that would have made a nice British loan—or even a Civil War Pension.

Alcoholic Cheer

For some reason or other the advent of Christmas always brings to mind the vision of liquor by the gallon. At such a time we considered the idea of getting gloriously clobbered and writing an impressionistic editorial. But after considering our pocketbook, we dig out our collection of liquor statistics and allow them to create their own impression.

This year we are told that funeral mourners in Australia drink too much.



Ministers object when the mourners prance gaily into church waving bottles of beer. We also learn that the Goetz Brewing Co. in St. Joseph, Missouri, is to resume the brewing of the old-time, prohibition 'near-beer'.

From Illinois comes the news that male alcoholics outnumber women 6 to 1. Of course this could be taken to mean that there are a hell of a lot more men than women in Illinois, and most of them are drunks. However we will accept it as meaning that there are less women alcoholics. Also there is a higher percentage of alcoholics among more educated people. This just goes to show that when a man buys a bottle, his girl has to fight like hell to get a drink, and the more educated men can figure out better ways to keep it from her.

All of which proves nothing. We would just like to add that college students drink more during holidays when the folks pay the bill.

Gad

Our sympathy for this month goes to Mrs. Guadalupe Chavero of Mexico City. The poor woman—her husband deserted her. The only thing she did was to have five children in fifteen months. Some guys will use anything as an excuse to abandon the spouse.

He should have stayed around 'til Christmas. She might have presented him with a nice surprise—like quintuplets.

F Plus

This one adorned the bulletin board in Crowder Hall: "Someone has picked up my clip board containing all my notes by mistake."

English notes, no doubt.

Typewriter Mozart

We don't believe the story of Axel D'Etter of England. This character had his first novel published a few weeks ago. This isn't unusual—until one knows that Axel is only eight years old. That's why we don't believe it.

We can't believe it—we of the writing staff—because if we did we



would probably prance down to the Hink and gently hurl ourselves off a cliff. We are mature, experienced men of the world. We have been to Chicago, seen news-reels of Paris and dated Stephens girls. We have had courses in Composition and Rhetoric, Exposition and Narration. We have tasted beer, dreamed of champagne and seen a burlesque. In short, we've had it.

Have we had a novel published? No. Day in and day out we pound the typewriter, smearing our experience and imagination all over nice clean paper. We spend fortunes for stamps and envelopes to send our material to cynical publishers. What happens? We have a fine collection of reject slips (anybody care to trade an *Esquire* for two *Colliers*?).

But Alex, who began his career at 3, has published his first novel at

eight—or so it is claimed. Now tell us, can we as experienced rejection slip collectors believe such trash? No.

(Alex, tell us, how did you do it?)
Guess What?

In case you haven't heard, the Columns were originally part of the first University building. The building burned down in 1892 and the columns are all that remain. And in case no one told you, the Tower is one of the finest examples of Gothic architecture in the United States.

And, brother, if you didn't know that, you haven't read a Columbia paper for the last three months.

Please, editors, let's talk about something else for a while—like the J-School lions.

A New Color

We couldn't believe our ears the other night when we were greeted with a radio commercial denouncing, of all things, socialism. Yep, that's right, socialism. No yak-yak about Reds or the goshawful fellow traveler with bags under his eyes shaped like a sickle. This was an honest-to-goodness three-minute harangue about socialism.

The subject matter, we admit, was the old line about preserving our democracy and protecting our freedom, but somehow it was worth hearing just to catch the *isms* preceded by social. Such a pleasant sound.

Form Life

After this one we have come to the long awaited conclusion that V.A. stands for 'virtually asinine.' One of our penny-starved out-of-state veterans received form-number-

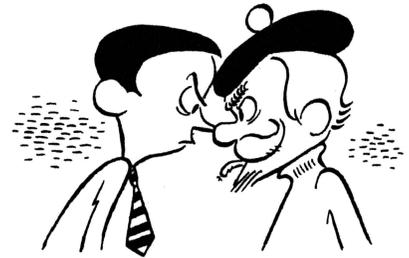
astronomical from the V.A. office. The form stated at the top that it concerned a change in subsistence.

Below this was a magnificent example of why many people question bureaucracy. It said, "Former amount, \$75." Following this was, "New amount, \$75." And completing the insult to common sense was, "Reason for change: Change in Issuing date."

You explain it to us.

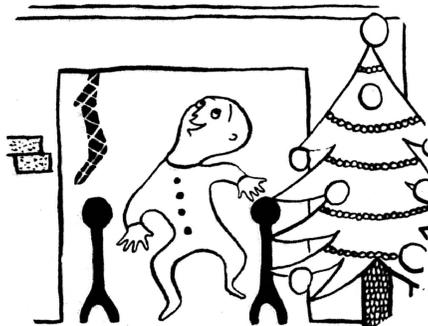
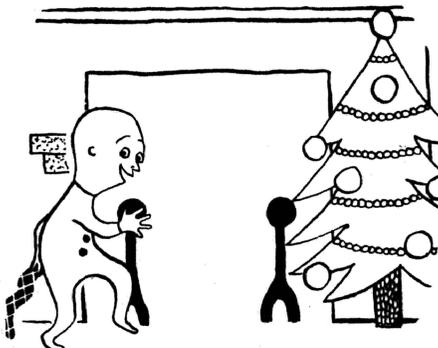
Karsch vs. Wrench

Could it be that the long reign of Jesse Wrench as M.U.'s number one, shall we say, *character* is about to end? Could such a thing happen? It appears that way. At the faculty 'slave market' Jesse arrived to sell his soul (as he put it) and was promptly tied for high-price honors by a dark horse known as 'I'm-not-an-Egyptian' Karsch (we spelled it right).



We haven't appointed ourselves as publicity agents for 'I-don't-have-a-mustache' Karsch, but it appears that he, despite his Republican tendencies, is quickly moving to the fore as the number one contender for the 'Oh-there-goes-that funny-instructor' honors.

Can it be that falling off a platform has replaced the beard, mustache, and hair net? Can it be a Dewey



movement in Columbia? Can it be that Government has replaced History? Or could it be that Jesse is spoiling student visions by driving a new Studebaker? We don't know, but we're keeping our eye on Karsch. Maybe he'll grow sideburns or start a new pep club.

Pooob

Well, well, no riot this year? No gripe about the length of Christmas vacation? No pictures in the St. Louis newspapers? You mean that nobody is going to antagonize the faculty?

Are we going to let the students on the upper floors of Jesse get by without being scared half to death? Nobody is going to burn down the Christmas tree? Could it be that we're not going to beat our head against the wall? My, what a safe, sane life we're living this year.

Yoo Hoo

We've seen conveniences, but this tops anything. The other night we were strolling through the area between T.D. #3 and T.D. #4. A lad dashed out on the porch of #4 and whistled shrilly. A shade went up in #3, the window was raised and a head appeared.

"I'll be over at 7:30," shouted the lad at #4.

"O.K.," said the head at #3.

The head disappeared, the window down, the shade up. The lad dashed into #4.

We shook our head sadly as we thought of the system that most of us have to put up with.

Piracy Board

Every union, it seems, must have its czar, and the 'Student-Union' of M.U. appears to be no exception. As far as we're able to ascertain, the Student-Union is supposed to be devoted to the entire student body; in other words, for the student and by the student.

Last month *Showme* was told that it would have to vacate its office at the end of the semester in favor of the Carousel. Why *Showme*? Our circulation, higher than any campus publication (excluding the *Alumnus*) and even higher than the *Missourian*, is 5000-half the student body! Evidently we have student support—sup-



"Naw! I just wanna know where the hell's the 'john?'"

port that few other organizations in Read Hall can claim.

We must conclude that student preference is ignored. Perhaps *Showme* doesn't live up to high standards. Even without considering our All-American Awards (which haven't tarnished the prestige of the University one iota), we can point to the

Added to this is the fact we are the only campus publication not subsidized by the University. We don't get the proverbial dime from school funds. Also our publication reaches 34 states (25 by paid subscription), the District of Columbia, and Canada (we turned down subscriptions for Germany, the Canal Zone, and other foreign countries).

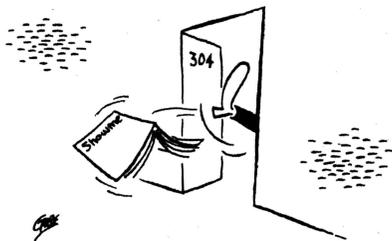
Despite all of this, which we think entitles us to an office, *Showme* is getting the boot. What's the scoop? Why did the Read Hall Policy Board make the decision to oust us without giving us the slightest opportunity to defend our position? Could it be that they are prejudiced against us? We're inclined to wonder after one of the 'members of the board', when questioned about the action, remarked with dainty sourness that he had been somewhat 'mistreated' one day in the *Showme* office. Tch!

Naughty Naughty

Seemingly there are children making some of the decisions in Read Hall. One of them added to the *Showme* office key a padlock, a two foot chain, and an eighteen-inch four-by-four to prevent the key from being stolen.

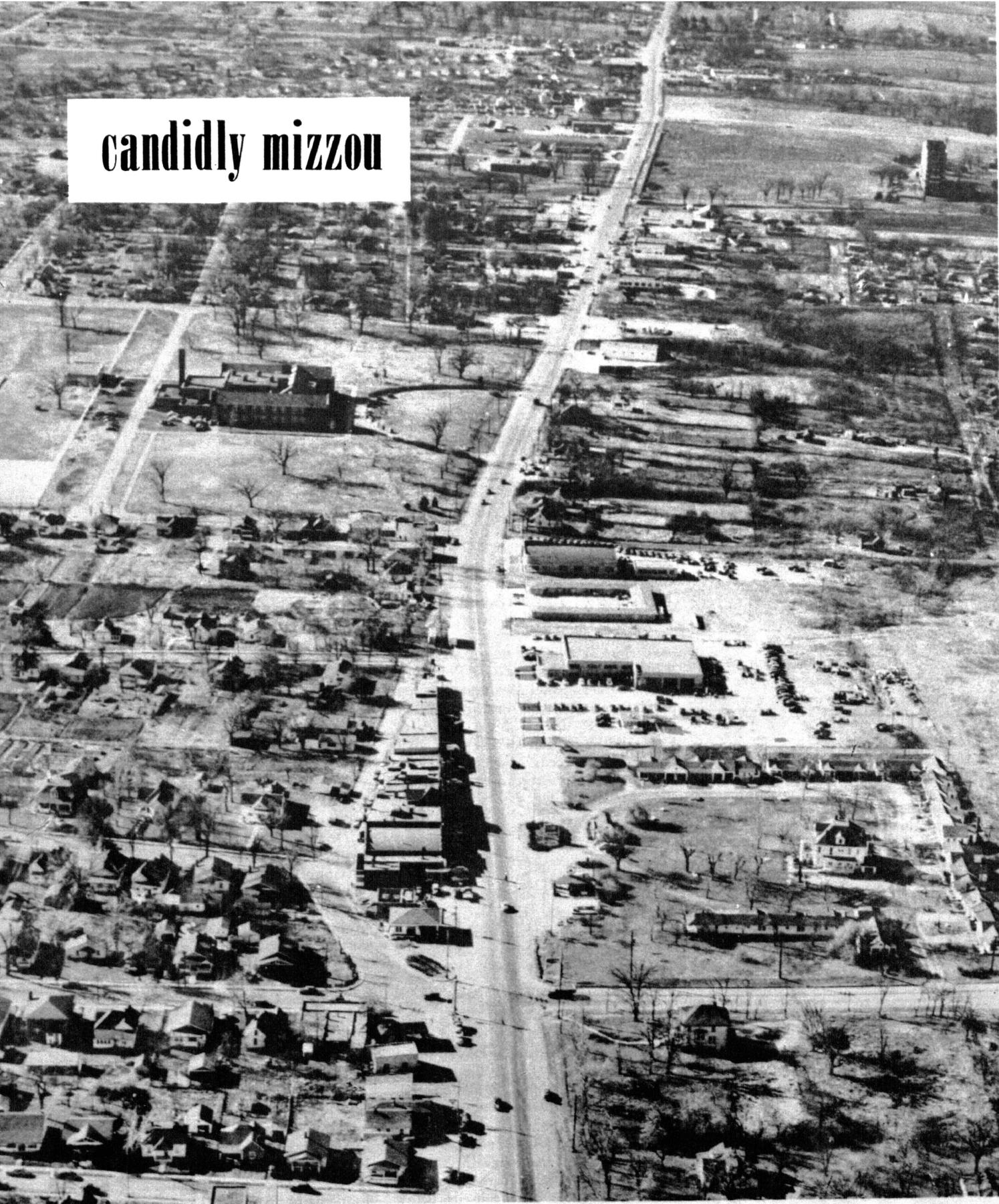
Pardon our blood circulation.

—G. T. S.



record of past editors. Dave McIntyre is dramatic critic for a New York newspaper; Mort Walker is editor of the *Thousand Jokes* magazine, and cartoonist for the *Saturday Evening Post*; Charles Barnard is associate editor of *True* magazine. They are the last three editors who have graduated. Does that put us below University standards or make us a bunch of carefree lads with a bottle of beer in one hand and a girl in the other?

candidly mizzou



BIGGEST RIBBON on any student's Christmas package is the one of concrete leading home. Highway 40, stretching east to west, furnishes the main funnel for pouring students out of Columbia. Whether it's east or west from Columbia, it's only 125-miles to civilization (either K. C. or St. Looie). It may be shorter as the crow flies, but who can fly like a crow?

AERIAL PHOTO BY STAN LIPCZYNSKI



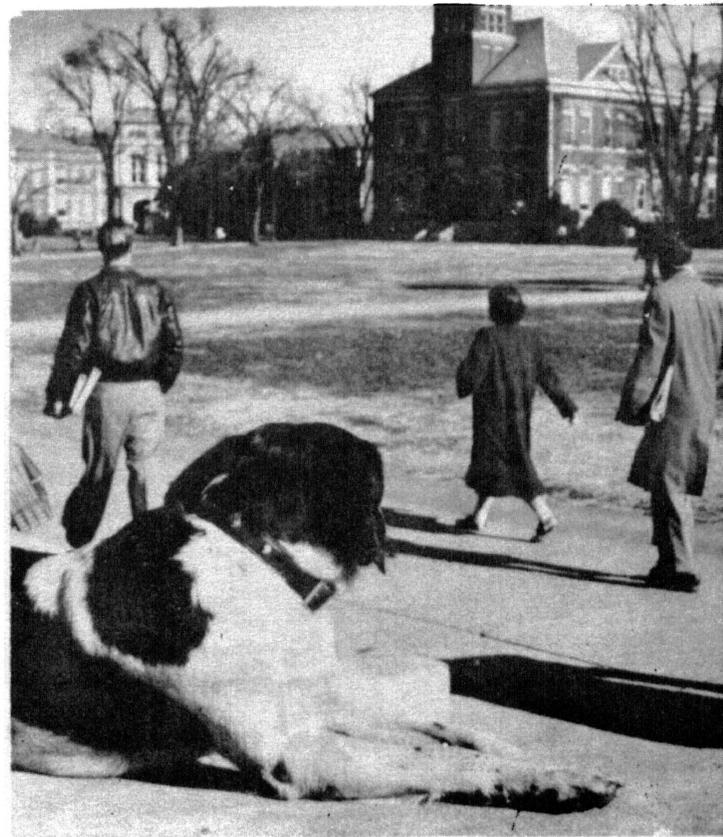
K. K. NEVAR
TRAILBLAZERS against circumnavigational sidewalks are these pioneering students. Two years ago the University placed fences across such tempting short-cuts and grew grass. Next year they can start all over again.



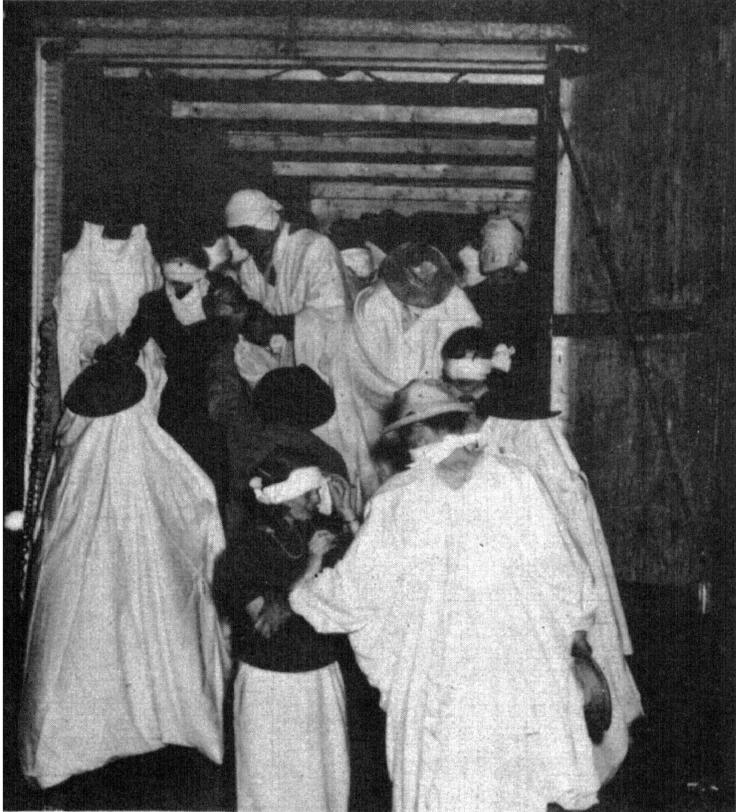
AL CHRISTMAN
FREE COFFEE and cookies draw hungry students to Read Hall every Friday afternoon. Each week a different organization sponsors the 'Coffee Hour' soiree. Drop around any Friday p.m. and get tanked on talk and coffee.



SINCLAIR ROGERS
SIGHTING for Santa at the University Observatory are these cute cecds. Perhaps, since their stockings are already well-filled, all they want for Christmas is a man . . . especially if they're seniors.



SINCLAIR ROGERS
DOZENS OF DOGS plague the University campus. With the added convenience of six centrally-located stone posts . . . and classrooms with sleep-producing lectures, what dog wouldn't jump at the chance to migrate to Mizzou.



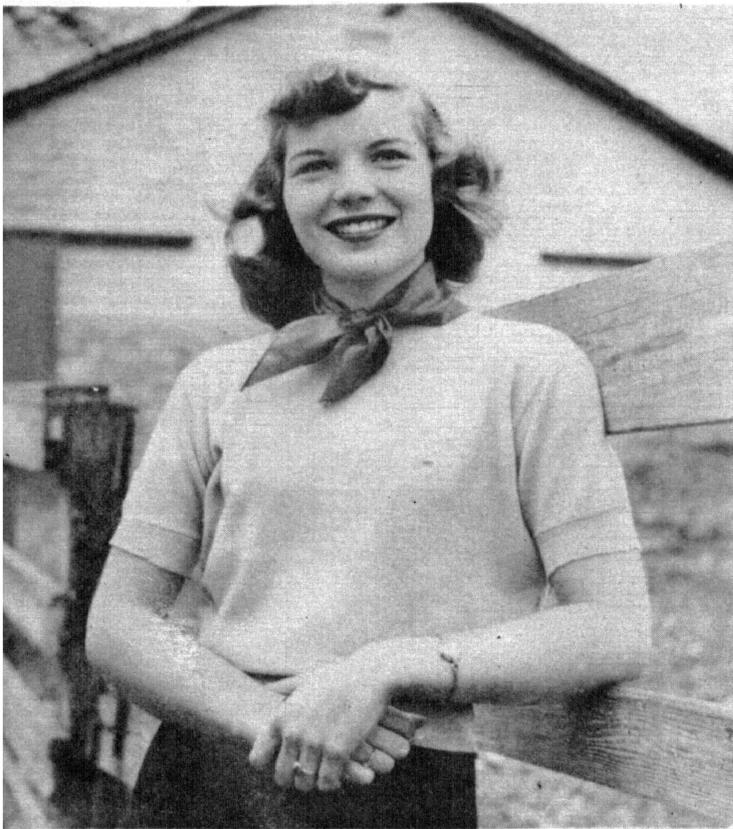
RAMPANT RAIDERS caused considerable confusion at a University sorority house. Fraternity men, dressed in sheets, raided the house, kidnapped the girls in a moving van, surprised them with a party at end of ride.

SINCLAIR ROGERS



BOUNCING, BUBBLING, beautiful babies competed in the annual Read Hall Baby Show—open only to babies NOT in school. These winners, the tops of the tots, received prizes which Columbia merchants had donated.

K. K. NEVAR



WINSOME FILLY Connie Moore was chosen by the Ags to be their "Goddess of Agriculture" at the recent Barnwarmin' Dance. The Queen and her Court ruled over a domain of cider, hog calls, hay seed, and "smooch booths."

SINCLAIR ROGERS



HOOT OWL, heck! This Knight Owl, Larry Bartram, disguised as "Sir Dancealot" doesn't look half as excited as his escort who went to the dance disguised as Pat Bauman of the SHOWME staff.

SINCLAIR ROGERS

photo of the month



WEAK-TUMMIED University students, who couldn't stand the sight of Kansas State blood, chose to go home for their Thanksgiving turkey. However, their generosity exceeded their weak stomachs because they donated their tickets to the kids of Columbia so that they might see a college football game. Loaded with unspiked soda pop the, kids cheered like old alumns. **SINCLAIR ROGERS**

The SPIRIT of the NEW YEAR

By Jerry Smith

ILLUSTRATED BY NICK BOVA

PETER GUNCH revolted inwardly at the predominating odor of alcohol in the bus. He decided that he would be extremely happy when he was home and away from the noisy New Year revelers. Distastefully he brushed the sleeves of his somewhat threadworn suit and snorted with a definite air of moral superiority.

"Celebrating?" said a voice from his side.

"No, I'm not, . . . sir," Peter added, noting the age of the wizened little man who was peering brightly at him. Peter was a few months distance from thirty.

"It's 9:23," the old man said precisely, looking at the face of his ridiculously large pocket watch. "Better start soon."

"I have finished," Peter said coldly, not bothering to add the 'sir.'

"No spirit, eh?" The corners of his mouth twitched. "Spirit?"

"Sure, you know, the New Year's Spirit." The old man rubbed the side of his nose with one bony finger. "Forgetting the past and greeting the future with a bang." He giggled brokenly.

"Nonsense," Peter snorted. "Utter nonsense."

"Maybe you're right," the old man said, his eyes twinkling. "Mind holding this a minute?" He produced a battered package and shoved it into Peter's unwilling hands. "Happy New Year," he shouted gleefully and plunged into the heavy crowd.

Peter opened his mouth, and an oversized man shoved his elbow into it.

"Happy New Year," the man roared.

II

Peter paced back and forth across the floor of his tiny one room apartment. He was obsessed with the idea of opening the package. It wasn't right, he was sure. But somehow he felt that the old man had wanted him to take it home and open it. The old man *had* run away.

Peter paused before the package. It lay on the table, a shapeless lump. Suddenly he grabbed it and ripped the wrapping away, revealing a bottle and

a doll! The bottle was filled with some sort of liquid and had no label. The doll was a perfect replica of a woman and had no clothes. Peter flushed and hastily set the doll down.

Curiously, he removed the cork from the bottle. The contents smelled nice, like spring flowers. After due deliberation Peter obtained a glass and poured some of the amber liquid into it. Carefully he sipped the liquid. It rolled smoothly across his tongue and into his stomach; it tickled. Peter allowed himself a giggle. He took another sip, and another. It tasted too good to be liquor, decided Peter, who had never had an alcoholic drink in his life.

He emptied the glass and poured more into it. Then he walked to the window and looked out. It was snowing. Huge white flakes floated down on the people that hurried by. They laughed and sang and shouted to each other; and Peter felt very much alone.

Peter sat down in the room's battered easy chair and emptied his glass. He refilled and emptied it again. Suddenly the sad, lonely feeling left him; a light giddy feeling filled his brain and he felt like singing. Peter Gunch belched!

He glanced at the doll on the table. "A lovely doll," he thought. He blinked his eyes. The doll was evidently much larger than he had remembered it. And not only that—it was growing larger as he watched. Peter hurriedly took a drink. The doll, now the size of a mature woman, smiled.

"What are you leering at?" Peter said, surprised at his own calmness.

"At you," the doll retorted, dangling her long legs over the side of the table. "You look silly clinging to that bottle."

"I'm silly?" Peter snorted. "At least I'm fully dressed and decent." He downed another drink.

"What's wrong with being undressed? People are born that way."

"They put diapers on them right away," Peter said, wondering if they did.

"Is it my fault if people won't dress me?" the doll pouted.

"I should have dressed you."

(Continued on Page 20)



The Christmas Tree

A dedication to the greatest personality disorganizer in modern history.



CHRISTMAS TREES come in three sizes: too large, too small and wormy. Of course, the too large and the too small trees are also wormy, but the wormy trees are too thin. However the man who sells you a tree uses a psychological sales method known as 'bull-shooting' and will convince you that the trees he sold last week were not too tall, too thin, too short or wormy, so you should have come earlier and any tree looks good when covered with ornaments, light, icicles, angel-hair, apples, peppermint sticks and pop-corn.

So you drag home a cheesy looking twig that a dog wouldn't sniff and tenderly deposit it in the basement until you build up the nerve to let your family see it.

After the shock has worn off, the time arrives to decorate the tree. This involves climbing through six

strata of dust in the attic, falling off the ladder twice, and dropping the 'new' box of ornaments. The sixty year old ornaments are never dropped. Your grandmother gave them to you because she couldn't stand the sight of them any longer and you can't even break them with a casual hammer blow—rigor mortis has set in.

Decorating the tree is fun. The entire family gathers around to tell you what to do. Everybody wants to help at the same time. Everybody wants to help but the tree. It doesn't care for its vertical position; it wants to lay down. For six hundred years people have been acquiring patents for tree stands—but nobody has ever tried to grow a straight tree. So you push and you pull, you twist and you shake, and finally you get it right—depending on how long it takes you to lose your temper and chop hell out of it. Limbs lost in this

process are easily replaced by scotch tape or bailing wire.

Next comes the lights and ornaments. There are six or seven different colored lights—but no one has ever been able to find four of the colors. That leaves you with red, white and blue—nice colors for Fourth of July or Armistice Day. But, at least you have a variety. However science has developed a fiendish device known as the 'light-string'. With this, if one bulb is burned out, none of them work—that's right, none of them work. Four fumble-fingered hours later you have exhausted your dirty vocabulary and torn the string to shreds and you didn't give a damn anyway.

Ornaments are better—they come in ten or twelve different colors—six of which are always unavailable. Ornaments of the same color, it seems, have a tremendous magnetic attraction for each other—Freud himself couldn't separate them or divulge the secret of their gregariousness. You, like a damn fool, try. This always ends in a stubborn cussedness, with you doing the cussing and the ornaments being stubborn. Who wins? Ha, ha.

Angel hair and icicles are nice for covering the mess you have made so far. At first you carefully place each strand; for fifteen minutes or so the tree is geometrically perfect. But it looks like hell, so you throw fistfuls until exhausted.

What happens after this? You engage in a practise known as rationalization which pacifies your frustrated ego. In other words, you go next door to the neighbors and tell him how nice the tree looks while telling yourself that it stinks like the proverbial rotten egg and this guy hasn't got brain one when it comes to decorating a Christmas tree.



Finally Christmas appears and you find yourself gathered around the tree with the family and friends. Your glasses (Tom and Jerry, what else?) are raised and someone is proposing a toast to health and happiness. As you put your glass to your lips, your eyes rest on the tree—the symbol of peace and beauty, and you say to yourself, “Now who the hell put the three red ornaments together on that cheesy looking twig that a dog wouldn’t sniff?”

—JERRY SMITH.



Moe: “What’s the difference between a lion and a panther?”

Joe: “A lion roars . . . Panther what I got on!”

* *

Mike saw Ike coming up the street wheeling two bicycles.

“Whatcha doin’ with two bikes?” said Mike.

“Well,” said Ike, “my girl and I were out bicycle-riding. Pretty soon we got tired and stopped to rest under a tree. Soon I began to kiss her and she told me I could have *anything* I wanted.

“Holly cow,” said Mike, “What happened?”

“I took her bicycle, naturally.”

* *

Justice of the Peace: Wal, Clem, what’s this here boy charged with?

Constable: He’s charged with arson, Sam.

Justice of the Peace: Arson, hhu? Gol darn it, there’s been altogether too much arson around here lately. Now, son, you marry that girl.

Teen-agers go for Switzer’s Licorice!



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SEE the pretty Santa Claus. He is not really a Santa Claus. He is a laundryman. He is after money. Do you think he will fool the students? Will he catch them before they go on vacation? Tune in next week.

xmas primer

Do you believe in Christmas, children?



THIS is a rich man. His relative expect big Christmas presents from him. He will surprise them. He will not give any presents. He is very happy.



SEE the Columbia judge. He is waiting for money from University students. He can use the money. It will buy his son a convertible for Christmas.



THIS lady has been Christmas-shopping all day. Now she is in the ladies' room. She is desperate. She is frustrated. She has no nickel.



THIS man is a father. He gave his son an air-rifle for Christmas. Now he is worried. Now he hates Christmas. The son is pointing the rifle at him.



SEE the smiling man. He is dreaming of nice Christmas presents he will get. He will be disappointed. He will get loud neckties. He will use them to hang himself.

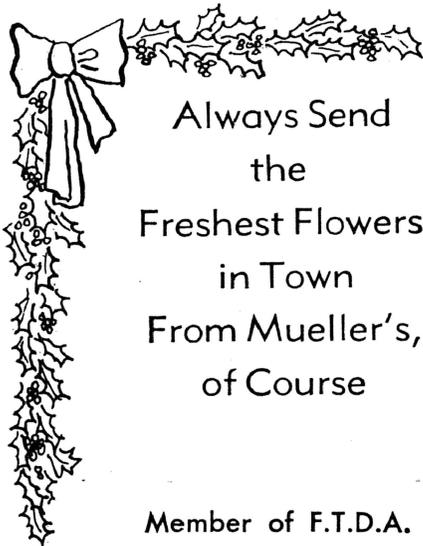
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16 SOUTH 9TH

The Spirit of the New Year

(continued from page 14)

"That would have been fun." She giggled musically.

Peter flushed. "You're a vile woman," he asserted, admiring her.

"There's only one thing that will make a woman vile," the doll said, leaping lightly from the table, "and that's a man." She walked to Peter's chair and sat down on the arm.

"What are you drinking?"

Peter frowned. "Young lady," he said with cold precision, "If you think you're going to sit on the arm of my chair stark . . . stark . . . bare, you're mad."

"Oh, a prude," she snapped. "I'll damn well become a doll again."

"I wish you would," Peter said, wishing she wouldn't.

"Let me have a drink." She reached for the bottle.

"Damnfiwill," Peter ejected, jerking the bottle away. "This is a respectable house."

She sniffed and got up. Walking to Peter's bed, she jerked the spread from it. A moment later she had fashioned a robe which covered her—to an essential degree. She returned to Peter and flopping down into his lap, threw her bare legs over the arm of the chair.

"This is nice," she sighed, after tipping the bottle.

"Rather crowded if you ask me."

She slid an arm around his neck. "Isn't this New Year's Eve?"

"That's right," Peter answered, delighting in the feel of her arm around his neck—a new sensation to Peter.

"Shouldn't you be celebrating?"

"I am."

"I mean outside somewhere, with a girl."

"Poof," Peter said. "I'm not one of those foolish men who take women out, spend money on them and get in trouble."

"Don't you ever go out with girls?"

"Nope." Peter took a drink. "I was going to ask Tilly out once. She's from the office. But I stopped myself in time." He looked into his glass. "She already had a date," he added softly.

"You don't like women?"

"I hate them," he said. "They're blue."

"Women?"

"Your eyes." He peered into them.



"Zee hombre who make thees vino must have zee athlete's foot."

"Do you like me?" she whispered, running her fingers through his hair.

"No." Peter kissed her on the cheek and giggled.

"Then why did you do that?"

"I don't know." Peter sucked on the bottle. It was empty. "I don't even know why I allow you to stay here." He dropped the bottle to the floor. "Why don't you kiss me?"

She did. Peter leaped from the chair.

"That wasn't nice," he snapped.

"Nothing wrong with a kiss," she smiled from the floor.

"I wasn't referring to that."

"Oh." She snickered.

"I feel dizzy," Peter said, falling backwards into the chair. The doll got up from the floor and slid into his lap.

"You should learn to go out with women," she said sweetly.

"Does this always happen?"

"Oh, this is just the beginning." She smiled.

Peter looked at her coldly. "You are unbuttoning my shirt," he said.

"It's late," she told him. "Past your bedtime."

"I can wait."

"Oh." She wrapped her arms tightly about Peter and pressed hard against him. A fog began to slide into Peter's brain. Peter Gunch passed out.

III

Peter could not remember how he got into bed as, the next morning, he glared suspiciously at the bed spread that lay on the floor next to the battered easy chair. But somewhere in the back of his mind was the vague remembrance of waking while it was still dark and watching a wizened old man with twinkling eyes wrapping a doll and a bottle and winking slyly at Peter before slipping from the room.

Peter thought about it for a long time. Then he went to the corner drug store and called Tilly, the girl from the office.

Peter Gunch started the New Year successfully.

THE END

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Merry Christmas



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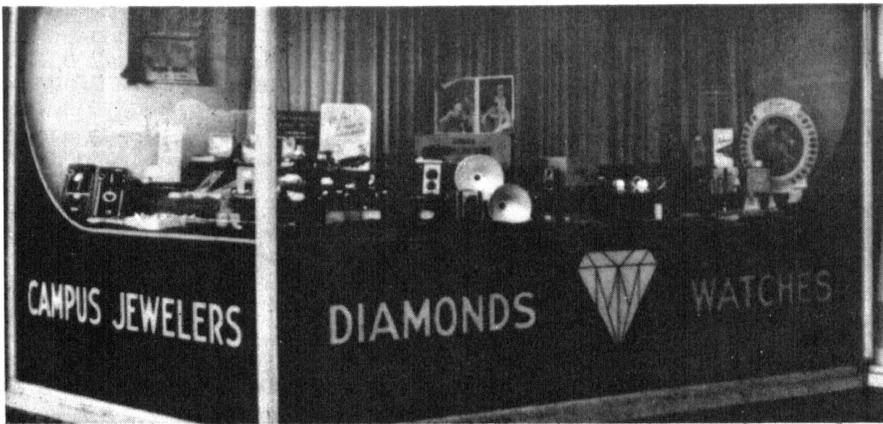
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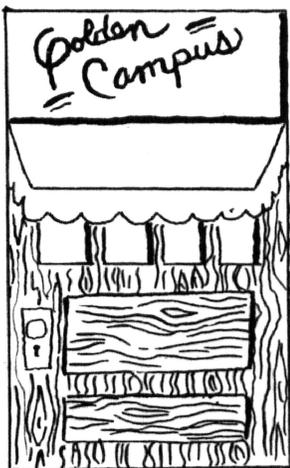


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Jobnie: "I feel as if I had known you for years."

Mary: "I'll say you do!"

* * *

Hungry customer (at lunch counter): One roast beef sandwich.

Waiter: Will you eat it here or take it with you?

Customer: I hope to do both.

* * *

The chorine was examining one of her old gowns. The dress was torn and in a most dilapidated condition.

"Gee," she said, "I wonder what I'll have to do for this dress."

"My Lord," returned her girl friend, "ain't you done it yet?"

* * *

*I love the girl who does;
I like the girl who don't,
I hate the girl who says she will
And then decides she won't.*

*But the girl I like the best of all,
And I know you'll say I'm right,
Is the girl who says she shouldn't,
"But just for you I might.*

* * *

A man should work 8 hours a day and sleep 8 hours a day—but not the same 8 hours.

* * *

Social Security Song: It'll be pretty soft for mamma when popa's sixty five.

* * *

She: There are a lot of people who don't pet in parked cars.

He: Yes, the woods are full of them.

* * *

She was the kind of girl who wore the kind of dresses that kept everyone warm but her.

Scene: A lonely corner on a dark night.

Voice: "Would the gentleman be so kind as to assist a poor hungry fellow who is out of work? Besides this revolver, I haven't a thing in the world."

* * *

A streamlined blonde walked up to the bar in a swank New York hotel. She ordered six Manhattans and proceeded to down them, in quick succession.

A drunk who was standing nearby looked on in amazement. He lurched over and stood weaving in front of her.

"Shay," he hiccupped, "how much does it take to make you dizzy?"

The blonde gave him a fishy-eyed stare. "It'll take more than that," she said, "and the name is Daisy."

* * *

First Cow: "Where are the rest of the girls?"

Second Cow: "They're over in the other pasture having a bull session."

* * *

A woman got in a cab and told the driver, "Quick! Get me to a fraternity ward!" The driver said, "Don't you mean maternity ward?" She said, "Oh, yes. Well, hurry up! I've got to see an upturn!" He said "Upturn? Don't you mean intern?" She said, "Fraternity, maternity, upturn, intern, just get me there quick—I think I'm stagnant."

* * *

"Daddy, I saw Mama kiss the ice man this morning."

"Ye Gads'." She wastes time with him and we owe the grocer \$50."



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if you dress like a
tramp

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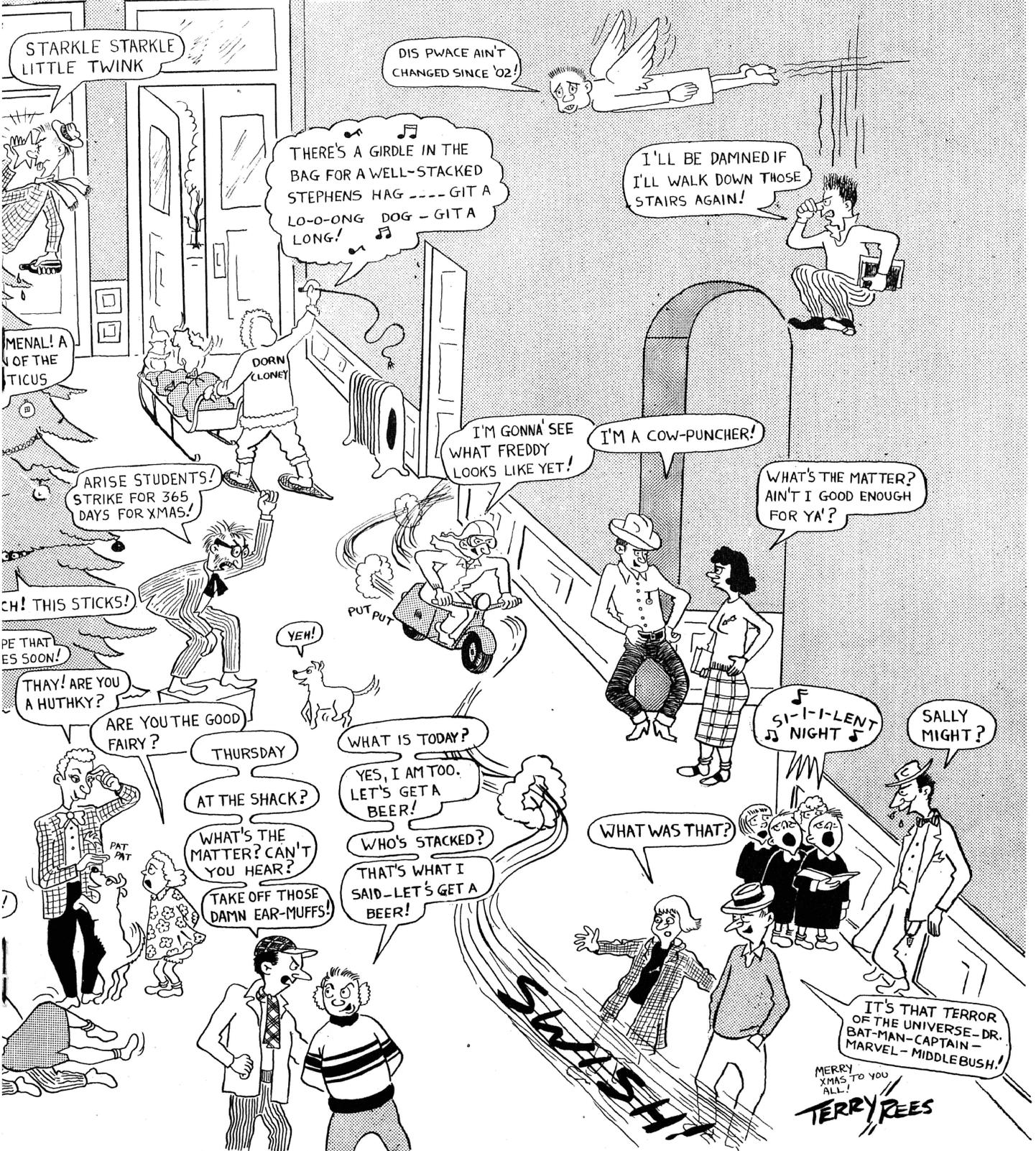
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BAG FOR A WELL-STACKED
STEPHENS HAG ---- GIT A
LO-O-ONG DOG - GIT A
LONG!

I'LL BE DAMNED IF
I'LL WALK DOWN THOSE
STAIRS AGAIN!

MEMAL! A
OF THE
TICUS

DORN
CLONEY

ARISE STUDENTS!
STRIKE FOR 365
DAYS FOR XMAS!

I'M GONNA SEE
WHAT FREDDY
LOOKS LIKE YET!

I'M A COW-PUNCHER!

WHAT'S THE MATTER?
AIN'T I GOOD ENOUGH
FOR YA'?

CH! THIS STICKS!

PE THAT
ES SOON!

THAY! ARE YOU
A HUTHKY?

ARE YOU THE GOOD
FAIRY?

THURSDAY

AT THE SHACK?

WHAT'S THE
MATTER? CAN'T
YOU HEAR?

TAKE OFF THOSE
DAMN EAR-MUFFS!

WHAT IS TODAY?

YES, I AM TOO.
LET'S GET A
BEER!

WHO'S STACKED?

THAT'S WHAT I
SAID - LET'S GET A
BEER!

WHAT WAS THAT?

SI-I-I-LENT
NIGHT

SALLY
MIGHT?

IT'S THAT TERROR
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The couple had just been rescued from a tiny island after three days and nights. The girl extended her hand to the man and said: "Charlie, you're a dear, and thanks for being such a gentleman. Too bad you didn't know this gun was empty."

* * *

"Still engaged to Maude?"

"No."

"Good."

"What?"

"Good. How'd you get rid of her?"

"What?"

"How'd you drop the old hag?"

"I married her."

* * *

We have a friend who just got a soft job. He's working in a bloomer factory and is pulling down about 2,000 a year.

* * *

Visitor (gazing at campus buildings): "I think your porticoes are very well shaped."

Coed: "Yes, that's what all the fellows tell me, but that's a new name for them."

* * *

Coed: "It's shameful the way you start making passes at me after a half dozen drinks."

He: "What's shameful about that?"

Coed: "Wasting six drinks."

* * *

Mother (to couple in unlit room): "What are you doing in there son?"

Son: "Nothing, Mother."

Mother: "You're getting more like your father every day."

* * *

College is just like a laundry— you get out of it just what you put into it—but you'd never recognize it.

The Welcome Sign!



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Season's Greetings

TIGER Dial 4155
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"It's okay, Phil. There's nothin' in here about opium."

DUKE 'N DUCHESS



CHIP THOMSEN

UCLA SCOP

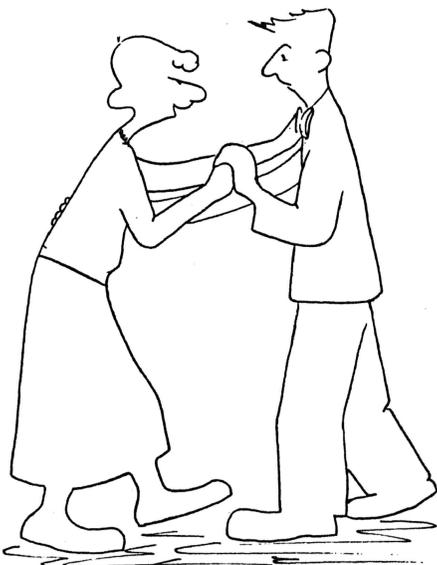
"Are you sure there's no one else, Emmie Lou?"



TEXAS RANGER

"Wal, I dunno, Jeb. Them isotopes is affected by thuh viscosity of the deuteron superjet, injector, y'know."

filched



"This IS living."

MINNESOTA SKI-U-MAH



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Merry
Christmas
Folks

In Columbia Mo
Fredendall's

MISSOURI Showme reports:

On Columbia's Vacation

WE WERE walking by Jesse Hall the other day heading in the general direction of Campustown when we happened to bump into our old friend Swami. The old gentleman was wearing an Eisenhower jacket when we happened to meet him and the collar was turned up covering his ears and beard. He accompanied us over to the Shack and was very happy indeed to get inside a warm atmosphere and to get some of the Shack's warm atmosphere inside himself.

The conversation turned, as conversations will, to the coming vacations and naturally being good loyal Missourians we mentioned the fact that we would be very happy to get the hell out of this town, if only for two weeks. We were reminiscing over the beauties of other places, the skiing at Sun Valley, the swimming at Florida, the bright lights of New York, et cetera, when Swami turned and wistfully cursed.

"Do you realize," he said, "that I have to spend the whole holiday in Columbia. You kids get to go galavanting all over the country, but how would it look for the spirit of Old Mizzou to be found in Florida, California or painting New York red. No, with the exception of an occasional trip to Rolla, I'm stuck here all winter."

"As a matter of fact the only time I ever leave is in the summer when the spirit is out of this town anyhow. It isn't so bad with the students in town because then my misery has plenty of company, but with nobody here to even mistake me for Jesse Wrench, I feel terrible."

"Well," we said, "doesn't Columbia have holiday celebrations just like every other town?"

"Yes, but on Christmas, every family gathers around its own hearth fires and shares a bottle of Christmas



"Oh-hh-h, Harold, you send chills up and down my spine."

comfort while the young'ns open their presents with gleeful shouts; and later on, of course, the whole family gather around the groaning table and shares the yuletide turkey."

"What do I do? Swap dirty stories with Tripod between the second and third columns. I give him a bottle and he gives me some flea powder. It's really quite unsatisfactory."



We noticed a small tear trickle down his cheek and into his beer. It was all right, he likes salty beer anyhow.

"Well," we said in an effort to cheer him up, "what about New Year's? Doesn't Columbia have a rip-roaring time then?"

"Do you know," he sobbed, "that this town is so dead that the cops don't even bother to add extra patrols on New Year's Eve? Now you can guess what kind of a celebration we have."

"Oh yes, there are a few parties out at the Breezy Hill, Coronado, Club Savoy, Moon Valley Villa and the like, and the beer joints are open, but there's no snake dance down the middle of Broadway, no ticker tape, nothing for a man to get his beard into."

We sympathized; but realizing that our presence could only cause him more anguish, we put down our half finished beer and left quietly.

The last we saw was Swami finishing our beer and ordering more, on the cuff, of course.

—F. C. S.



*That's how Santa
got so Jolly
he ate
at*

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donna's corner

HAVE YOU noticed the rash of popular novels that sprang up right after *Life With Father* appeared telling about quaint and curious family relations? There have been too many of them to name, but I distinctly remember reading one that stood out from all the rest. It was called *Reminiscing of My Second Cousin* and was just chock-filled with such delightful reminiscences as these:

"I'll never forget that first Spring day that I met my second cousin. The sun was shining brightly as I took my small daughter through the zoo. 'Mama,' she piped in her cute child's voice, 'look at the funny elephant begging for peanuts.' I looked around and saw Herman, my second cousin, on his hands and knees in the road, a shoestring dangling from his nose in imitation of a trunk. He was trumpeting and eagerly gobbling up the peanuts tossed to him by the duped passers-by. My second cousin was quite a card. Also, at that time, he was starving. . . .

"The day my second cousin became ill was an extremely sad day for all of us. We huddled downstairs while the doctor did his best in the tiny chamber on the second floor. Finally, he came slowly downstairs and looked at us. His deep professional voice said, 'I'm afraid that Herman, your second cousin, is dead.' Of course, we all began to cry (except my mother, father, sister, brother, aunt, uncle, and a few others who cheered loudly at the prospect of at least being rid of the old reprobate). Then, the doctor silenced us and reached his hand up to his chin. He pulled off the false beard and, lo, it was Herman, my dear second cousin.

"'Ha,' he said, 'I am not really the doctor. I have fooled you all, haven't I? Now I know how you feel about me and I shall stay here an extra six months to punish you.' (At the time, he had been planning to stay for life anyway, so we didn't really mind the extra six months.) Yes, my

second cousin was quite a practical joker. . . .

"Will I ever forget the evening my second cousin proposed to the lady who was destined to become his wife? He did it in his usual shy and timid fashion and it was so hilarious. He slowly approached Maisie, who worked at the time as a car-hop at a fashionable resort, and blew his horn at her twice. When she came over to him, he ordered a hamburger and gathered his courage while she fixed it. When she brought it to him, he grabbed her by the arm and whispered, 'Wanta' go riding, baby? She complied. They had a fairly long engagement after that first evening. They waited eight months before wedding and then it was just in time. Ah, my second cousin was a rogue. . . .

"We never did understand from where my second cousin got his income. He told us that he owned stocks and bonds in many firms. One night, everything was revealed when the police brought him home in a slightly inebriated condition (my second cousin, not the police) and handcuffed him to the chaise lounge. It seems that dear old second cousin Herman had robbed the Nineteenth National Bank. He had already robbed the other eighteen. Poor Herman had only one excuse for his actions: he had needed the money. They took him away then. . . .

"Yes, sir, my second cousin was quite a lovable old character. He was also hanged."

—DONN.



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When I'm in a Hurry
To Get to

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Bellhop: "Calling Mr. Moore. Calling Mr. Moore."

Clerk (not recognizing name): "Who is that being called?"

Bellhop: "I don't know. Some gal up in 213 is yelling for Moore."

* * *

She: "I'm perfect."

He: "I'm practice."

* * *

He: "Gee, beautiful, this hotel is a swell place to stop."

Beautiful: "Handsome, you mean it's a swell place to start."

* * *

"I'd like to buy a brassiere."

"What bust?"

"Nuthin', it just wore out."

* * *

A farmer whose clock had run down was sending his boy to town to get the correct time.

"But, Pa, I can't bring the correct time. I don't have a watch."

"What do you want a watch for? If you can't remember it, write it down on a piece of paper."

* * *

There was a man at a bar drinking Martinis. He drank the Martini, ate the olive, ate the glass, and threw the olive stone away.

After a couple of these he said to the bartender: "I'll bet you think I'm crazy, don't you?"

The bartender said; "I sure do. You are throwing away the best part."

From the AP teletype in the Tribune newsroom: KILL NEWBERRY-PRESBYTERIAN FOOTBALL SCORE. REPEAT—KILL NEWBERRY - PRESBYTERIAN FOOTBALL SCORE. GAME NOT PLAYED YET.

Stop the presses!



“... How firm is thy foundation? ...”

LAFTER THOUGHTS

CHRISTMAS . . . SCHMITMAS

Here's the season very merry
 With the holly and the berry,
 With the jangle and the jingle,
 With the carols by Der Bingle,
 With the pleas of "Money grant us,"
 From Salvation Army Santas,
 And the wording, "Buy on Credit,"
 Shouted so you can't forget it,
 And the pressing and the crushing,
 And the final-minute rushing—
 Then Dad's gift of livid neck-wear
 Only would a total wreck wear,
 And the toaster Mom's afraid of
 (Junior soon sees what it's made of),
 And the perfume "just like Hedy's"
 Sent by one of Sister's steadies,
 And the things from perfect strangers
 Quickly turned into exchangers—
 Then the tree bulbs, always blowing,
 And the footprints from the snowing,
 And the box of sickening candy,
 And the egg-nog spiked with brandy,
 And the turkey stuffed with stuffin'
 That you put more-than-enough in,
 And the Bromo, cold and fizzy,
 For the head that's always dizzy—
 And by this time, I guess you guess
 Just how I feel about the mess—
 But who in hell cares what I say?
 Ahh, Merry Christmas anyway!

—DONN.

* * *

A gambling game is marriage, so
 Be careful what you win;
 Because sometimes a lot of dough
 Precedes a rolling pin.

—PENNY.

There was a young girl
 From Peru.
 Who decided her loves
 Were to few.
 So she walked from her door
 With a fig leaf, no more;
 And now she's in bed
 With the flu.

* * *

I don't mind my nose getting frozen,
 For the snow and the sleet ain't as bad
 As this squirming in long woolen
 undies,
 Which itch 'til they drive me quite
 mad!"

—GELLÉRMAN.

Fellows stand in line to date her,
 Though she's not a beauty;
 What's the reason? Could it be
 That she's a promiscuity?

—DONN.

* * *

There was a little girl
 Who had a little curl
 That grew upon her forehead.
 When she was good,
 She was very, very good,
 But when she was bad,
 She was—popular.





The Pledge Who Stayed For Christmas

The good brothers always think of Max at Christmas time—once a year!

WHAT A TIME we had over the Xmas vacation last year! Wow! You guys think that it was pretty lonely here in the frat house while everyone was home making out with the native plump peasant maidens, but the six of us had one helluva time here last year! Man, what we didn't do!

Here's the story:

The day after everyone took off, who calls us but some damn ladies' social organization in town that wants to use the house the next night for a kiddies' Christmas party. They plead with us and tell us that they can't get a hall at this late date and that they would clean up the place, which sounded good, and that they would furnish everything, and all that stuff, so what can we say?

"Sure, sure, being in the little rascals. Anything for a good cause," we tell them, looking at the trash littered floor. "Anything that we can furnish to make the party a success?" we ask.

"There's one thing," said the lady on the other end of the phone, "I hate to ask for this, but, but, well, would you happen to have a boy around who likes children and who would like to play Santa?"

And at that moment who comes stompin' down the stairs but Max, the pledge who stayed for Christmas.

"We have just the man," we tell the lady as we watch the plump form of Max waddle through the front door. "We'll fix everything up. He'll

make a grand entrance at about eight. Leave that end up to us."

That evening the five of us corner Max.

"Like kids, Max?"

Nope."

"Like costumes, Max?"

Nope."

"What do you think of Santa Clause, Max?"

"Don't believe in him."

"Well how would you like to . . ."

Nope."

"Pledge Max," we announce in a brotherly fashion, "you are going to play Santa Clause."

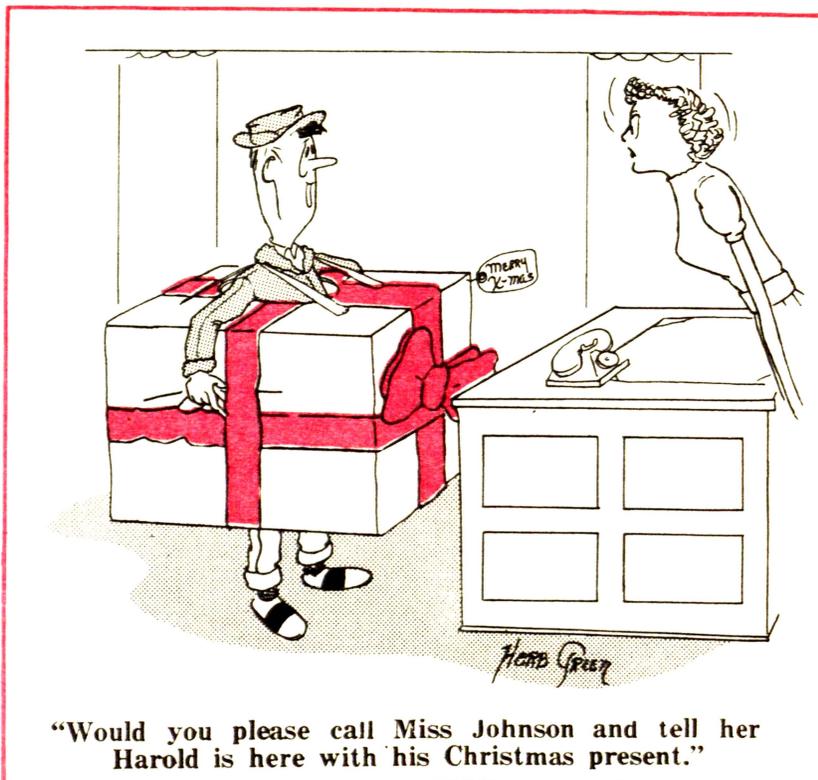
"Are you guys kidding? Why I'd rather be . . ."

The next night at about eight the six of us are gathered around the top of the chimney. None of this stuff about Santa walking in the front door! No, sir! When our frat does something it's real. Damn real! We had dropped a line through the chimney to see if it was clear enough to permit our boy to slide down. Everything was all set. We tied some heavy rope around Max's middle—and what a middle it was!—and we were about to start lowering.

Max looked into the darkness of the chimney and said, "Look, you guys, this has gone far enough. If you think that I'm actually going to slide down that hole, get full of soot, and on top of all that, be met by a hundred screaming imps, you're cra . . ."

"It's for charity, Max."

"Well why don't one of you *thin* philianthro . . ."



"Would you please call Miss Johnson and tell her Harold is here with his Christmas present."

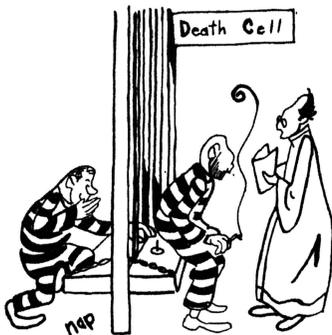
"Think of the wide-eyed children, Max."

"They're probably loading sling shots right now. They. . ."

"For the chapter, Max."

"For chapter, for love, nor for money! This boy ain. . ."

So we're lowering Max down the chimney and everything is going swell. His sleigh bells are ringing and there is so much spirit of Christmas around that we hardly mind the strain of his 250 lbs. Boy! What a Santa he was going to be. The real stuff, none of this pillow baloney. We're lowering him nice and easy when all of a sudden the rope goes slack. Max swears at us from three quarters of the way down. He got stuck. We pull and yank and Max swears and the soot falls on him and he can't move to help himself and Boy! What a mess we're in!



We make some excuse to the kiddies for the delay, while we borrow a pledge from next door, run around and get him a suit, and send this one in by the front door. By this time the kids are too busy beatin' each other up to know the difference between the door and the chimney, so it doesn't matter a helluva lot anyway.

There is but one thing left for us to do—chop a hole through the outside of the chimney and let Max out from there. It was pretty cold outside at this time, but Max preferred the cold to the smoke of a fire in the fireplace, so he just let his teeth chatter so we could judge where to start chopping.

(Continued on Page 42.)

Give  **MISSOURI Showme**

University of Missouri
304 Read Hall
Columbia, Missouri

for Christmas

CLIP AND MAIL TO:

Heck, Yes! I wanta give (myself-a friend) a subscription to SHOWME. Please mail the remaining five (5) issues to the below address. . .My bribe (\$1.50) is enclosed.

name

address

city





What's Merry About It?

Uncle Bob took a quick shot and penned a snappy request to Santa. The results were astounding.

THAT DUMB sister of mine would have to bring her kid over last night! Maybe she did it deliberately, I don't know, but she must have known the little stinker would start trouble. Anyway, what happened was this—

"Did you write a letter to Sandy Claws, Unca Bob?" The brat's mouth was full of those round, Christmasy peppermints and I wished I could have slapped them down his throat into that bottomless stomach. Instead, I put my empty shot-glass on the table and leaned forward.

"No," I answered pleasantly enough.

"Really, Bob!" Carolyn snapped, "you don't have to shout at the boy. Billy's not deaf!"

"Sorry," I mumbled as I filled my glass. "Want a drink Billy?" I asked. He gurgled in that nauseating way children have, and I handed him

his tiny mug of plain egg-nog. *Wonder what would happen if I fed him a couple of shots,* I thought. *No, no, better not—momma wouldn't like.*

He smirked at me as he drained the glass. "Unca Bob," he said, "why don't you write to Sandy Claws?"

"Because there ain't no—" Carolyn's waggling finger cut me off in time. *All right, I thought, I'll help fool the little monster.* "Billy," I said slowly, "I just don't want anything for Christmas. That's for kids."

His eyes went wide. He turned around and ran to Carolyn. "Momma, Unca Bob don't want nothin' for Chwistmas. He don't write to Sandy Claws."

Carolyn patted the brat's egg-shaped noggin and looked at me with a pitying disgust. "That's all right, Billy," she said. "Some people don't deserve Christmas presents."

"But, momma, I want Unca Bob to write to Sandy Claws like me. I want Unca Bob to have lots and lots of pwesents!" His rising voice threatened to make my hangover-tortured head explode like one of those supersonic death-ray things in the Buck Rogers comics. "Ev'wybody has to write lettas on Chwistmas!" he babbled.

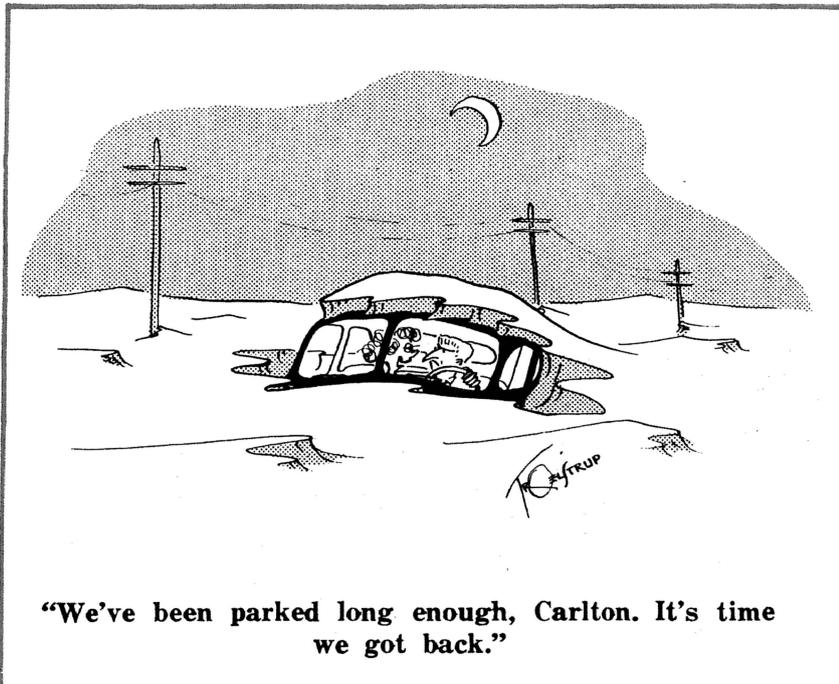
Carolyn's eyes were pleading. "Unca Bob will write a letter to Sandy Claws if you want him to, Billy," I heard her say. Before I could stop him, the devilish little b—no, he is my nephew—boy had ransacked the room and brought me a pencil and sheet of paper. "Write!" he commanded. "You'll get lots and lots and lots and—"

"All right!" I shouted. "Be quiet and I'll write!" Carolyn glared at me as I drained my glass. I took the pencil and began writing. Two whiskies later, I had finished my letter to Santa. Carolyn read it and thought it was "perfectly horrible;" the kid thought it was wonderful because I told him I asked for a doll; and I thought it was pretty funny—but I was pretty drunk at the time.

"Dear Santa," I had written, "you're a dirty, no-good, lying schnook and I think you're getting plenty out of this 'better to give than receive' business. But, if you are such a good Joe as you pretend to be, how about sending me a blonde, about five-two with nice legs as a Xmas present?" I added a few cracks about what I thought of a guy's sense who would go riding around in the cold with a bunch of unicorns or whatever-they-are, then I signed the page, "Little Bobby, Age 37," and gave it to the kid.

"I'll mail it for you, Unca Bob," he shouted, "an' you'll get lots and lots and lots—"

I managed to hold back my up-raised hand, but motioned to Carolyn



"We've been parked long enough, Carlton. It's time we got back."

to get him out of my sight. She bundled the brat's snowsuit around him and I waved her to the door. "Bob," she hissed, "you could have been more encouraging to Billy's Christmas spirit. Why didn't you tell him a few stories about Santa Claus or something?"

"What the hell?" I growled. "I wrote a letter for him, didn't I? What more do you want?" I noticed my tongue was getting twisted in my teeth, but I emptied my glass again, anyway.

"It's a good thing you didn't tell him there's no Santa Claus!" Carolyn said.

"Get out of here," I mumbled, "or I *will* tell him!" I shoved them both through the door.



"G'bye, Unca Bob," the kid yelled. "I'll mail your letta at the store with Sandy Claws!" Mercifully, the door slammed between us and they were gone.

The room would have been entirely silent if it hadn't been for the mule train going clippety-clop inside my head. I sat down slowly in the big chair and eventually polished off the last of the liquor. After a while, I began crooning "Si-i-lent night, Ho-o-ly night," along with Crosby on the radio and then I fell asleep.

About twelve, I remember hearing faintly some noise from a big Christmas party next door, but I'll swear I never heard a sound of hoofbeats on the roof, or a noise in the chimney, or anything like that.

So, that was last night. And this morning, I wake up, a little stiff in the big chair, but pretty happy all over from the bourbon. I yawn a

(continued next page)

Stag

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- *Stay near your phone*
- *Wait for reports*

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THANK YOU

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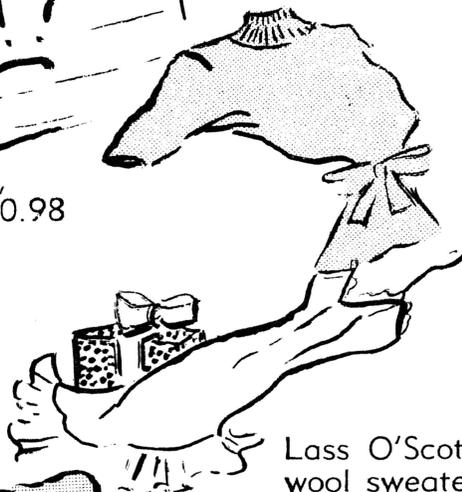
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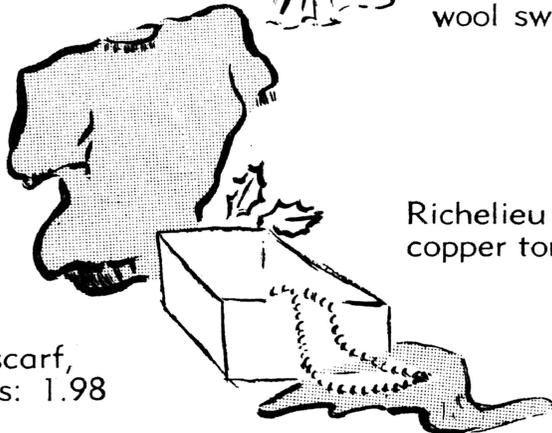


Wool-jersey blouse,
ribbed neck-line: 10.98

White nylon-crepe;
net lace: 4.50



Lass O'Scotland
wool sweater: 3.98



Silk tie-scarf,
all colors: 1.98

Richelieu Pearls,
copper toned: 4.00

Suzanne's

912 Broadway

couple of times, stretch, and head for my pants in the bedroom.

Okay, so you guessed it—*she's* on the bed! Blonde, five-two, and with the best legs I've seen outside the burlesque—and she makes them easy to see because she's not wearing as much as I've seen *inside* the burlesque.

I mumble, "Sorry, wrong number," back out of the room, and open the front door. Number 14! It is my apartment. I come back in and peek around the bedroom door. She's asleep, smiling. I feel like pinching her to wake her—and she's got several places I'd like to pinch—but I'm going to let her sleep until I figure things out.

Now, it's possible I picked her up somewhere while I was blotto; it's possible she's an old friend who got kicked out of her hotel room and I'm letting her use my place for a while.

But what the dickens do I do if I wake her up and she giggles and says, "Merry Christmas, Little Bobby?"

—DONN.

SHOWME JOKE CONTEST

There will be no Life Saver contest during December and January. A **FREE** copy of **SHOWME** goes to the winner of this month's joke contest. The copy may be picked up at 304 Read Hall.

JOKE CONTEST WINNER

Nancy Galante
T-D #6
Columbia, Mo.

WINNING JOKE

A man was invited to play golf at a very exclusive club. He grew tired and left the golfing party at the eighth hole. When he got to the club-house, he went to the shower-room, undressed, and got in the shower. Then he realized he was in the women's locker room. He had a choice of two things to do: (1) wrap the towel around his waist and give his identify away; (2) wrap the towel around his head and face so he would not be recognized. He chose number two, and began to walk through the locker room filled with women. As he passed three women, one of them said: "Not my husband." The second said: "Not my husband either." The third said: "Hm-mm-m, he's not even a member of the club."

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the **DEN**

The Place Where Students Go



Why? Because you can always have a fun time . . . any time in the week . . . a place to meet your friends or to take your date dancing to your juke-box favorites. You get all this and Jam Sessions, too.

And here is where you can meet your friends for those cool glasses of **Stag Beer** for a dime . . . Or you can get your favorite **bottled beer**, too.



Reservations are accepted for the Cave Room on Monday Nights.

The Den is open from 2 p. m. until 1:30 a. m. Seven days per week.

For a good time

the **DEN** 

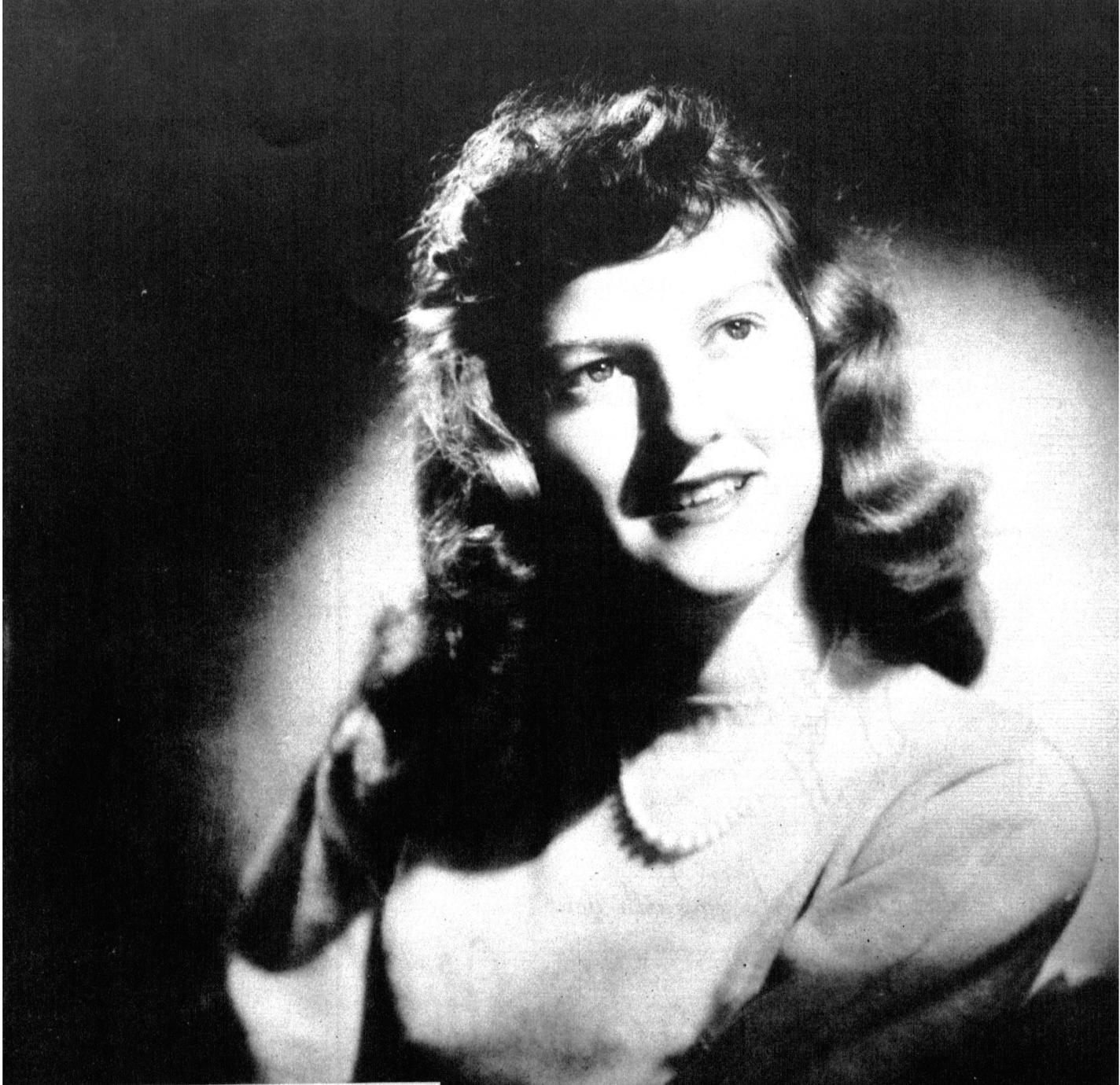


Boy of the Month . . .

FRANK McCRACKEN

PHOTOGRAPH BY GIBBONS GRIFFIN AT JULIES'

Senior in Arts and Science. . . . Vice-President of Omicron Delta Kappa. . . .
Ex-President and Ex-Chairman Social Committee of Interfraternity Council.
. . . Who's Who in American Colleges. . . . Ex-Arts and Science Representative
S.G.A. . . . Phi Eta Sigma, freshman honorary. . . . Freshman Debate. . . .
Executive Committee of Interfraternity Pledge Council, 1946-7. . . . Kappa
Alpha. . . . 20. . . . Joplin, Missouri.



Girl of the Month . . .

BETTY PERDUE

PHOTOGRAPH BY GIBBONS GRIFFIN AT JULIES'

Senior in Journalism. . . . President of Y.W.C.A. . . . Secretary of Theta Sigma Phi, journalism honorary. . . . Chairman of A.W.S. . . . Skirt Swing. . . . S.G.A. council and athletic committee. . . . World Student Service Fund steering committee. . . . Jay L. Torrey journalism scholarship. . . . Secretary of Religion in Life Week. . . . Kappa Epsilon Alpha, freshman honorary. . . . Vice-President of Alpha Gamma Delta two years. . . . 21. . . . Sedalia, Missouri.

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THE PLEDGE . . .

(continued from page 35)

Well, we take out a couple of big field stones, and if you think brick laying is difficult just try brick removing! What a job! You would think that when they added the chimney to the house in 1928, they expected it to outlive the joint. Anyhow, we start on the third stone and we just barely touch it with the pick when it falls out and damn near takes the ladder down with it. The one next to it moves out with no strain either. We look behind where these stones were, and guess what we find. A long narrow box, chuck full of imported liquors! This was evidently built as a hiding place for booze during prohibition. Our frat brothers sure were on the ball in those days!



We pull out a few more cases from this hole and we felt so happy with the Xmas spirit that we carried all the liquor next door to share with the few guys over there. After all, they did lend us their pledge, and besides, that valuable stuff wouldn't be worth a nickel with all those kids running around this place.

The boys called up a few girls and within twenty minutes a monster party is in session. What a night! The liquor was as potent as all hell and a little went a long way! I don't think we were sober for five minutes during the whole vacation! One night we got a bunch of gals from over Ste. . . .

What's that, you say? Max? MAX?
 OH MY GOD! !

—BOB SKOLE.



The little village was all agog over its annual spelling bee. One by one the contestants dropped out until only two remained . . . the town lawyer and the stableman.

Everyone waited breathlessly for the word that would decide the match. It came:

"How do you spell 'auspice'?"

The stableman lost.

* * *

We understand that manufacturers of a certain feminine garment are currently making only three kinds: The Russian type, the Salvation Army type, and the American type.

The function of the Russian type is to uplift the masses. The function of the Salvation Army type is to raise the fallen. The function of the American type is to make mountains out of mole hills.

* * *

The farmer was sitting on his front steps eating a sandwich when a hen zoomed by with a rooster in hot pursuit.

Suddenly the rooster put on the brakes, slid to a halt, and began picking the crumbs from the sandwich.

"Dern," muttered the farmer in disgust, "hope I never get that hungry."

* * *

Then there was the deaf and dumb man who fell into the deep well and broke three fingers screaming for help.

* * *

The old fashioned girl who used to step out fit as a fiddle now has a daughter who comes home tight as a drum.

* * *

How many magazines does it take to fill a baby carriage?

One *Mademoiselle*, one *Country Gentleman*, a *Look*, a few *Liberties* . . . and *Time*.

A Pipe Dream for Christmas

Yellowhole Kaywoodie
Frank Medico Dr. Grabow

the CAMPUS CLUB



Sally Robinson

Homecoming queen and December model from Charm Cottage customers. For that Model appearance, let Mrs. DeHaven shampoo and style your hair.

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QUESTIONS

- A** A sign of omission is found with ease,
Phonetically speaking, it's found between these.
- B** It's twice shown here, and if you stop to think
About the difference, you'll find the missing link.
- C** 1, 2, 3, 6, 7 about this time of year
Is spread and wished by people far and near.

ANSWERS WILL APPEAR IN THE
NEXT ISSUE OF YOUR MAGAZINE

Chesterfield

RULES FOR CHESTERFIELD HUMOR MAGAZINE CONTEST*

1. Identify the 3 subjects in back cover ad. All clues are in ad.
2. Submit answers on Chesterfield wrapper or reasonable facsimile to this publication office.
3. First ten correct answers from different students win a carton of Chesterfield Cigarettes each.
4. Enter as many as you like, but one Chesterfield wrapper or facsimile must accompany each entry.
5. Contest closes midnight, one week after this issue's publication date. New contest next issue.
6. Answers and names of winners will appear in the next issue.
7. All answers become the property of Chesterfield.
8. Decision of judges will be final.

LAST MONTH'S ANSWERS & WINNERS

- A** FILE in the title "The File on Thelma Jordan."
- B** CHESTERFIELD. A form-fitting coat and a pleasure-giving cigarette.
- C** CLAUD POPE. A cirrus, nimbus or cumulus is a CLOUD. Change one letter and you have CLAUD. Sisal, manila and hemp is ROPE. Change one letter and you have POPE.
- WINNERS...**



And then there was the girl who complained to her mother: "He wanted me to be broad-minded on a narrow sofa."

* * *

The woman applying for relief told the social worker her husband had deserted her ten years before. Upon inquiring, the worker found that the woman had seven children, ranging in age from a few months to nine years.

"But," she said, "How about all these small children—I thought you said your husband deserted you ten years ago."

"Oh, he did. But you see he sneaks back once in a while at night to apologize."

* * *

Two pipe-smokers were conversing in an opium-den. One said casually: "I've just decided to buy all the diamond and emerald mines in the world."

The second dreamy gent considered this seriously for a few moments, and then murmured softly. "I don't know that I care to sell."

* * *

"So your wife does bird imitations?"

"Yeah, she walks like a duck, eats like an ostrich and watches me like a hawk."

CHESTERFIELD CONTEST

Please **MAIL** your entry to this month's contest. The ten bearing the earliest postmark will get the Chesterfields. Address: **SHOWME**, Read Hall, Columbia.

LAST MONTH'S WINNERS

E. N. Fadeley
J. B. Gillerman
Bob Huber
Milton Manshel
Merna Greenberg
William Turk
Norman Saunders
Bob Osterhout
Diana George
Dick Folz

jerrymandering



with Jerry Smith

IN CASE anyone is interested, Veep Barkley is married last month. Anyone care to know who he marries, where he is married, his term of endearment for Mrs. Veep, the size socks he wears on Saturday, his brand of underwear, or the way he shaves? This information is very hard to obtain—all you have to do is ask someone who reads the newspapers, including the *Daily Worker* and the *Rocheport Bugle* (circulation 10).

Thomas Dewey Karsch, the Egyptian Republican, tells me that the Republicans are positive of victory in '52; their candidate for Vice-President will already be married.

The Veep has an advantage. He is the only husband whose father-in-law can't say to him, "Now, son, back in the old days, when I was your age, etc. etc."

Bud Wyser, the psych major, tells me that he develops the greatest sales scheme in history. This is the signs on the sidewalk in front of the Missouri Store. During the inbetween-classes rush at least four or five people will trip over these signs. After the person falls, the crowd will gradually kick him to the stairs of the basement store. After he falls down these his resistance to anything, including sales, is gone and he can be sold such things as old typewriter ribbons, moldy books and 'Beat Oklahoma' stickers.

Speaking of Oklahoma, Greek Towne, the man walking behind the pin, tells me that thousands of people are writing to the Cotton Bowl committee requesting that Oklahoma not be invited to the bowl. They claim that 'Oklahoma plays dead football. Greek says that he's not sure about the football, but there's certainly someone dead after every game Oklahoma plays.

Nosey Eversharp, the J-school student, covers one of these Femme Forum deals, and he tells me that he is very impressed. It seems that they are discussing some of these male-female relations. According to the Forum, beauty is important until the man is ready for marriage. Then other things are important, such as practicality, good sense and money. They also claim that men don't care for intelligent women—or is it that intelligent women don't care for men? Also it seems that the biggest gripe that women have is that men don't tell them where they're going on a date. Maybe they wouldn't go! Besides, where a man takes a girl depends on two things, cooperation and snow-job success.

Agitated Jones, the cheer leader, says that school spirit is really good this year. This is due to hard work by the S.G.A., better organization of the Tiger Claws, an influx of younger

students, and the fact that the *Alma Mater* has been declared as the *National Anthem* by Sparky Stalcup.

The new girl's drom is coming along fine. The turrets have been put in and the 35 mm. anti-barn-warmin' - ticket - delivery - and - Knight - Owl - serenade Howitzers have been ordered. The new men's dorms are also going up rapidly. When these are completed, blue campus will be torn down. This presents the problem of what to call the new campus. After a careful study of the buildings I would like to suggest Taffy Campus (narrowly topping Cream and Coffee Campus.) Actually the buildings look like a two tone Chevrolet, but that's too commercial.

Bow Tie Bob, the biggest B.M.O.C. on the campus, informs me that the University is presenting *Showme* with another Christmas present this year

(Continued on Next Page)



"Christmas cards . . . hell! DEFICIENCIES!"

Paul didn't get His
Ribbon for Nothing...



He does an A-1 Job
on each and every car he Washes
and by **APPOINTMENT** too!

PAUL'S TEXACO SERVICE

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DOWNTOWN LIQUORS
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or
THE OASIS
Hiway 40 and West Blvd.

by kicking them out of Read Hall. This was a very democratic move—decided unanimously by at least half a dozen people. Bow Tie says the reason that the Read Hall Piracy Board didn't invite any of the *Show-me* staff to the meeting is because they were afraid such a person might say 'damn' which would shock the morals of one of those students who run to the faculty when someone fails to lick their boot tops.

According to Sigma A1, the Columbia Police Department is really improving itself. Not only are they improving traffic conditions, but they are teaching the officers judo. This is being paid for by a new department which dashes around the city painting curbs and putting up 'No Parking' signs wherever they find a student car. Sigma says that they are also developing a method of growing four foot grass around fire plugs overnight.

Pierpoint Rotcy, of the Tiger Battalion, says that generals now outnumber horses in the Army, 330 to 327. Of course, this report fails to mention how many jackasses are included in the 330.

Legal Graft, the B. & P. A. student, tells me that the Columbia Bus Company has offered to provide special service direct to bus and train stations for the Christmas holiday. This special service will be similar to the special service provided for the football games. In other words, all the 10c buses will be devoted to riding people for 25c. This is certainly a kindly offer. The company must be owned by Santa Claus.

Boston Banned, the out-of-state student, tells me that he is staying in Columbia to do his Christmas Shopping because whenever he buys something here, the store owners give him a handful of little red and green poker chips.

I understand the girls in T.D. #3, the Aviation Hall of M.U., are requesting a large, wide chimney for Christmas. They'll get a man one way or another. They have also opened a date bureau—first floor window, southeast corner.

I ask Cue Ball Stanza, the pool hall poet, what he thinks of Christmas and he says, "*Christmas is a happy time, big grins people are wearing; there's mistletoe and holly, love and joy, Tom and Jerrying.*"

Have a Merry Christmas, gang.

THE END



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Preparation



Anticipation



Frustration

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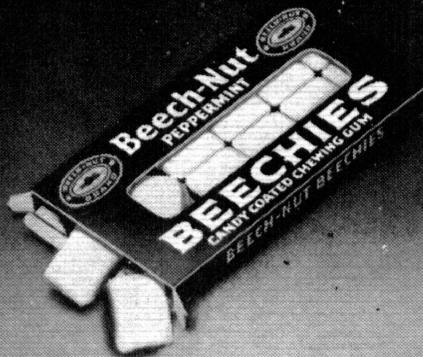
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high quality and
fine flavor that have
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MISSOURI Showme contributors' page

Flash Fairfield



PHOTOGRAPH BY JULIES' STUDIO

John David 'Flash' Fairfield, Miscellaneous Editor extraordinary, is one of the few 'old-timers' on the staff.

He joined *Showme* in the Fall of 1946 as a rebellious neophyte . . . and has been rebellious ever since.

It was Flash who convinced us that a four-color cover was possible; he designed the present sig-cut; and he makes the best purple-passion on the staff.

On the side, he's contributed cartoons, centerspreads, and more covers . . . plus zany ideas.

The shaggy, 6' 4", bean-pole from Lakewood, Ohio, has consistently been a key man in the *Showme* success story. If we had a loyalty medal, Flash would get it. Then he'd pawn it for the price of a beer.

A J-School feature major, Flasho, with the aid of an uninhibited Alpha Phi 'albino,' hopes to graduate in February. As to what he'll do then, he says: "Aw, maybe I'll be a pick-pocket."

To us, he'll always be one of the greatest guys we've known.

Herb Green

Herb Green is one member of our art staff who is *not* a member of the *Savitar* staff.

He must have just discovered his talents, for he's been drawing cartoons for only about a year. He and his cartoons came to us by way of the Navy Air Corps and Kansas City Junior College.

Herb hasn't been around the rest of the artists long enough to lose his quiet manner, for he has remained a very modest and unassuming guy. He's the kind you'd expect to say, "May we have some more beer, please?"

Fran Ware

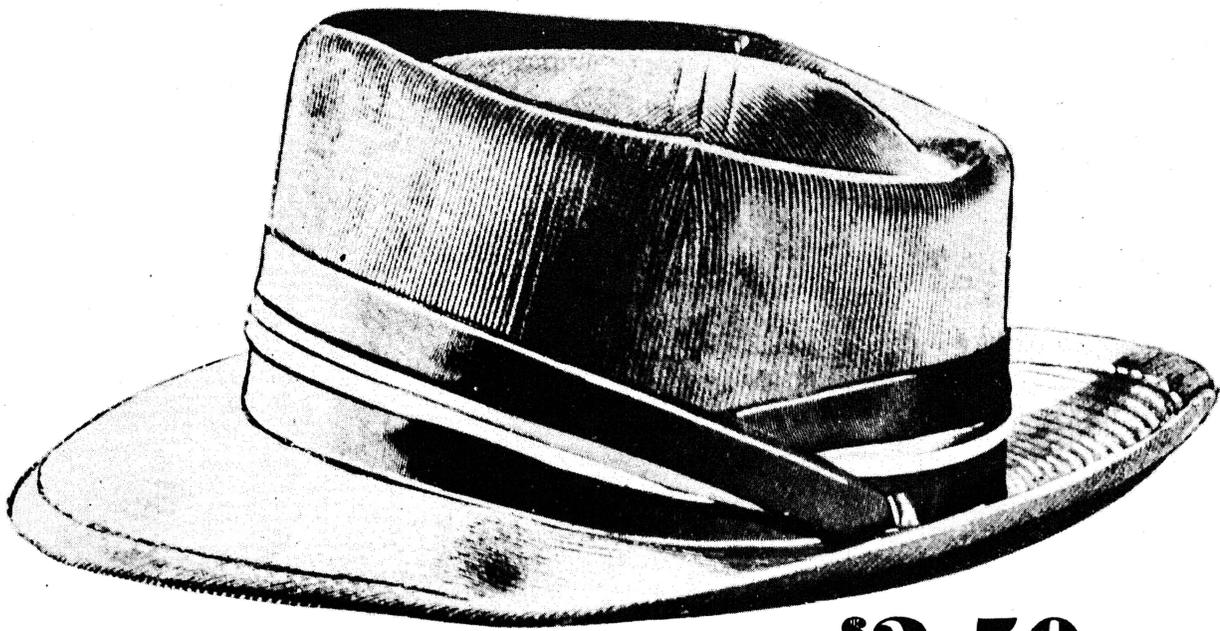
Li'l ol' Fran Ware from Leland, Mississippi, has been drawin' and sellin' ads for us—all fo' nigh onto fo' months.

We've really got a lot of dope on this attractive, black-eyed Brunette. (This wouldn't be a true *Showme* write-up if we didn't also mention that she has sex-appeal.)

She's a senior ad major and is a member of Gamma Alpha Chi, advertising honorary. Plus this, she is president of Alpha Delta Pi. Fran also serves *Savitar* in the capacity of art editor, and she is no relation to Tom Ware.



PHOTOGRAPH BY JULIES' STUDIO



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... the weatherized sport hat

Boyd's own cheering section hat in weatherized corduroy. Swell to wear to football and basket ball games because it carries your own school colors on its band. Just the inexpensive hat a fellow needs to wear with sport clothes. Hat comes in three colors: brown, tan, and gray. Bands in college colors. 75c.

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my Christmas
Best*



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